

Iron County Register

E. D. AKE, : : : : EDITOR.
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IRONTON, MO.,
THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1887.

De Soto is now lighted by electricity. The trial was made last week and was pronounced a decided success. 107 lights are now distributed over the city, and the number will be increased at once. The cost is ten cents per light.

W. A. Pearce has disposed of his interest in the Doniphan Prospect-News to Thos. H. Mabrey, who is now sole editor and proprietor. As soon as the special session of the Legislature adjourns, Mr. Pearce, who is the Ripley member thereof, will engage in merchandising.

The Poplar Bluff Citizen last week issued two special editions. One was for the purpose of assisting the Butler county boom and the other gave an extended account of the outrageous and horrible murder at Blue Springs, that county. Bro. Houg is abreast of the times and is doing his utmost to make the Citizen a desirable paper.

The W. C. T. U. has tackled the Tobacco Habit. When they get through with that and the Whiskey Habit, no doubt the Candy Habit will receive due attention. Then there is the Bustle Habit, the Bang Habit, the Corset Habit, the Chewing-Gum Habit, the O, there's almost an infinitude of Habits which must be reformed. And when the W. C. T. U. gets through all of them, what a fine lot of angels in trousers and dimity will bedeck the earth!

The Poplar Bluff Citizen some time ago intimated that Jay Gould was about to purchase Mr. Houck of the Southwestern Railroad. The Jackson Cash-Drook, though a staunch supporter of the movement to enforce the constitution, and in that matter opposed to Mr. H., informed the Citizen that Mr. Houck wasn't for sale, "and if he was, Jay Gould, rich as he is, hasn't got money enough to buy him." It is nothing but truth, manfully spoken; yet the Cape Democrat insinuates that the Cash-Drook's editor has been coerced into it "by the collar of his coat and the seat of his pants." Such warfare as Adams wages against McQuire may suit the taste and capacity of the Cape-ians—but we hope not.

The foreign agitators who come to this country to advocate anarchy and violent opposition to law under the false impression that law is a dead letter here, are getting an occasional lesson, which should serve to open their eyes. Paul Grottkau, the leader of the Milwaukee riots last May, has just been sentenced to hard labor for one year in the House of Correction. The year's labor he will be compelled to perform under the provisions of his sentence will be of much more value to the public than a whole century of the mouth work which procured him his sentence. This is a free country to those who pursue legitimate callings and strictly mind their own business, but the Mosts and the Grottkaus, who make it their business to denounce everybody who has a business and destroy all legitimate business, are finding out none too soon that their particular ideas of freedom are not popular in this country.

St. Francois County has by a mass meeting called at the suggestion of a few railroad cranks instructed her representative to vote for railroad legislation. Without a railroad St. Francois County would be a barren wilderness, yet having gotten one road, and seeing little or no chance of ever getting another, she, dog-in-the-manger, not only wants to rob the railroad she has got, but wants to prevent this and other counties who have no railroad from getting one.—St. Genevieve Herald.

We respectfully request our contemporary to give the public a "bill of particulars." You say those who are demanding railroad legislation "only want to rob the railroads." Now, this is news to us, for we have all along believed the object to be the enactment of laws enforcing the constitution. Is the Herald prepared to say that the men who framed that instrument and the people who adopted it, were and are robbers? For years, railroad corporations have violated the constitutional provision that no two competing lines should be owned or controlled by the same management. Are the people who protest against this defiance of law, robbers? When a railroad carries 100 pounds freight 500 miles, between points when it has competition, for fifty cents, and charges a dollar for carrying the same freight 75 miles on the same line between points where there is no competition—does the Herald endorse this sort of thing? And are the people robbers who protest against it? Come, Bro. Herald, give us a "bill of particulars!"

"Outlawing" Their Warrants.

The Reynolds County Outlook of last week is before us, wherein it is stated that the County Court of that county had been busy all that week examining the records of county warrants issued by that court in years past, and that said court was cancelling all such warrants as were found to be barred by the statute of limitation.

Aside from the question whether the said statute of limitations would run in favor of the county and against the warrants (which is doubtful); aside from consideration of the void act of the said County Court in ordering a void thing to be done; aside from the question whether the County Court, of its own motion, can set up the statute, when there is no litigation pending; aside from the question in the minds of some men as to whether said county

Judges are not drawing five dollars a day for an useless work and one which they know to be such—aside from all these things—comes the question whether or not this be repudiation which these Solons and Lycurguses in homespun are attempting to carry through in this high-handed manner? To this, we answer, Yes; repudiation pure and simple.

Whether or not this be honest; whether or not honest men would attempt or approve such; whether or not prosperity will follow in the wake of such a course; whether the verdict of the world would be that it were honesty or robbery, are questions for these officers, and their people are to answer before the bar of public opinion, before their own consciences, and before the tribunal hereafter, which rewards or punishes for the deeds done in the body.

Stand forth, people of Reynolds County, in all the light which the conduct of your own elect has brought upon you! Stand forth, and bear the judgment of your peers and of your own consciences!

Dana vs. President.

SUGAR DALE, Arcadia Valley, May 15th, 1887.

Mr. Editor—A late issue of the N. Y. Sun, containing many scurrilous things at President Cleveland under the guise of attacking his enforcement of "Civil Service Reform," also gives his letters of instructions to the Secretary of the Interior favoring the rights of the honest western settlers, as against the unjust assumptions of privilege on the part of a powerful corporation, vide the case of Guilford-Miller versus the Northern Pacific Railroad Co.

Now, is it not too bad that a journal, which claims so much independent honesty of purpose and so much pureness of Democracy, should insult the self-negating spirit of the true Jeffersonian Democracy of America by setting up the old cry of "to the winner belongs the spoils?"

Nowadays civilization forbids the sacking of conquered cities, as civilization forbids the confiscation of property of rebels. Surely the Democratic party is too much interested in the whole, to claim that all the honesty and ability must necessarily reside within itself, a part, though happily a major part, of the American people!

I fear there is some other motive than a love of consistency on the part of the Sun—which, by the way, before Cleveland's election was rather a good advocate for civil service reform—in its frequent appeals to the prejudices of the "party in power." Whether it is in private pique against Cleveland or in personal preference for Blaine, perhaps time will tell. But it will have to suppress its news columns before its dust-scattering editorials can blind us or sully him who proves himself to be the honest advocate of the hard-tolling, useful, foundation builders of true Democratic society.

VERBUM SAP.

Old Times.

Ed. Register—How vividly this rainy May day brings to my mind the spring of 1843, after a long, cold, snowy winter. The following spring was very much as this present that we are now having. I well remember May and June were very wet months, and farmers had a very wet time getting their crops in the ground. I and my partner were still at the old saw-mill keeping batch, and had just such a rainy spell in the month of May. The creek was so high we could not row, so we took our guns, locked up our cabin and started for home. As we had to cross the creek to get to his home, which was nearest the mill, he said, "Now you get on my back and I will pack you across, so you need not get wet." The creek was very high. I proposed to swim, as we often did when we wanted to cross the creek. We would straddle and make up our clothes into a bundle, and tie them to our guns and wade as far as we could and then swim, holding our guns up with one hand and swim with the other. He said, "No, I will carry you across so you need not get wet; I have got dry clothes at home to change. So we went to a place where the creek bank was washed straight up and down. The water was running very swift and up almost to the top of the bank. My old partner let himself down in the water, which came just up to his armpits. He said, "Now you take a gun in each hand and stand on your knees on my shoulders, and rest the guns on top of my head and I will land you on the other side all right." I had some doubts about his landing me on the other side, but I did not have much doubt but he would land me in the creek before he got half way across. I didn't care if I did get a good ducking, for I was used to that. So I got on his shoulders as he directed, and he began to move off slowly, feeling his way with his feet. I was so full of laugh—I just knew what would happen—I could hardly keep from pitching over his head. "Well, now you mind or you will put your foot in some hole and pitch me off." "No I won't; you just keep easy now." When he had got about half way across, he said, "Don't you fret, I know every foot of the ground just—well, he never finished the sentence, for his foot went down in a hole and I went over the top of his head, guns and all, some clear to the bottom. When I came up, I came spouting like a whale. Ain't I dry? I thought I would never get to shore; I just wanted to lay right down and whoop and laugh. You never saw a fellow look so foolish as my pard did just then. I never see Stout's creek up high but I think of that trip, and always with a laugh. As it was only a little way to his home, we were soon there, and they loaned me a suit of dry clothes to wear while mine were drying.

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We used to have a great deal of sport in the creek swimming and fishing. I think I never saw a better swimmer than this young man was. I thought I could swim pretty well, but he could beat me as bad as I could him shooting. We were always at a strife to see which was the best; it made no difference what one did, the other was sure to try and do better. I well remember we, in a strife, tried to see which could carry the greatest number of bricks to the top of the house we were then building, at one time, on a short board in our hands. We carried forty each and started to make it fifty, when our old boss told us to "stop it; you will kill yourselves." Those bricks were estimated at five pounds a piece. We both paid dearly for the fun, for I took cold and it settled in my back and I suffered for years. His settled in one of his knees, and he never saw a day after that he did not suffer, more or less, and sometimes could not walk; and now when I see boys and young men wasting their strength foolishly, I always feel like warning them of the results; but when the time comes, which will come to us at some time, when we are required to put forth our full strength in some time of distress, then I love to see a young man, or an old one, lay right hold, buckle right down to it, until the necessity is passed.

That same spring when the trees were in full leaf, and the hills covered with a carpet of living green, with its myriads of wild flowers, in all their varied hues—ah, how lovely the hills and mountains are at this time of the year; talk and sing as much as you please of the life on the ocean wave, a life on the deep, but give me the life on the mountains, the wild wood life for me. On one of those pleasant days I was just beginning to get dinner. I stood at the table and was making my soda ready to make some buckwheat batter-cakes, and I heard some one say, "Haven't you got that fine enough?" I looked up and saw my new sister and two of my own sisters standing at the door. You ought to have seen me acting out the lady of the house and show them in and remove their things, and talk of household affairs until they proposed to walk around the mill and among the cliffs of rocks, while I got the dinner. And now do you want to know what I got for my company to eat that was good? I had that morning washed up all my table-linen, dish-cloths, etc., and every day I scoured up my plates, cups and platters, which were a set of pewter my mother had given her in her marriage portion, for in old times a girl was not fairly endowed without a set of pewter with King George III's crown stamped on the bottom of each piece; so my mother loaned me that set of pewter. I spread my table with a clean white cloth and those dishes as bright as silver, baked a good pile of puffy buckwheat batter cakes, a large platter of fresh venison steak, nicely cooked (and I do not think any woman can cook a venison steak or any other steak better than I can), with Irish potatoes, honey right from the tree the day before, butter, fruit, sauce, etc. I tell you, Mr. Editor, it fairly makes my mouth water just to think of that dinner. When all was ready I called my guests to dinner with an old tin pan I had used as a gong; played on with my fingers a rat a tat, tat. When my company took their seats at the table my new sister said, "Why, your dinner looks nice," and when she had finished she said, "I never tasted a better dinner in my life," and wasn't that comforting to a poor, lone old woman? And when they were ready to go home, as I helped the girls on their horses, my sister said, "I believe I should like to live as you do. I think it is real nice," and wasn't it? And then to take our hooks and lines and go a few steps below the

mill and sit on a ledge of rock and catch those fish just as fast as you could take them from the hook and bait it! and such nice fish! It was splendid. Fish every meal and between meals, if we wanted them. Although it is more than the average lifetime of man since I kept batch down there, yet every spring I go back and look at the place, with a feeling of pleasurable sadness. The hills are there the same, the rapid stream with all the rocks, but the mill, the cabin, the fish gone, all gone. And as I recall each kind form of the old, the men and women of that day, those fresh, fair-faced boys, I ask myself, where are all those kind friends now? All the old, or most of all of those my own age, gone, nearly all gone. Such is life. Time flies; time waits for no man. Time; what is time? I asked an aged man, a man of care, what is time? Time, he replied, Time was—past—thou canst not recall it; Time is—thou hast—employ thy portion small; Time future, is not, and may never be; Time present is the only time for thee.

T. P. R.

They Ought to Practice as Well as Preach!

The W. C. T. U. at a meeting in St. Louis, did a very foolish and injudicious thing last week in passing a resolution condemning the Press of the State of Missouri, because it, forsooth, saw fit to differ with the Union as to a question of morals. Instead of this wholesale condemnation of the Press, the ladies should have passed unanimously a resolution thanking the Press for efforts in their behalf; or, at least, for allowing the ladies means whereby they might help themselves. We could name, we think, at least a dozen papers in Southeast Missouri whose editors have little or no sympathy for the movement who yet give up a part of their space to the W. C. T. U. The ladies, it appears to us, could have shown at least the courtesy to these papers that the papers have shown to the ladies. This expression made in a convention of the W. C. T. U. goes far to support the remark made in our presence by one of the "female lecturers" of the State sometime ago: "But we'll make it hot for the Democratic party next time." If the W. C. T. U. is coming into politics, it seems about time for Democracy, or Republicanism either, to rise up and defend itself. The resolution passed, was a magnanimous enough to make a "few honorable exceptions" among the papers of the State. Here is shown that peculiar disposition that has always been a characteristic of politicians: "If you oppose me you are dishonorable; if you support me you are godly!" Really, from ladies we ought to expect something more than that—the Christian, spirit, of which we have heard so much, should pervade their lives, and upon their opponents, it seems to us.—Charleston Democrat.

ROBT L. LINDSAY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
IRONTON, MISSOURI.
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S. E. STRONG,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
PILOT Knob, MO.

Administrator's Notice.
Notice is hereby given that letters of administration, upon the partnership estate of Begley & Grandhomme, of Ironton, Iron county, Missouri, said Grandhomme having died during the existence of said partnership, have been granted to the undersigned A. Begley, surviving partner of said partnership, by the Judge of the Probate Court, of Iron county, Mo., said letters bearing date the 9th day of April, 1886.

All persons having claims against the said partnership estate are required to exhibit them to me for allowance within one year after the date of said letters or they may be precluded from any benefit of such estate, and if such claims be not exhibited within two years from the time of the publication of this notice they will be forever barred. A. BEGLEY, Surviving Partner and Administrator of Partnership of Begley & Grandhomme.

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